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[WHOLE NO. 227.]



MISS MATILDA C. SMILEY.

Miss MATILDA CAROLINE SMILEY, familiarly known to the public by the simple name of "MATILDA," is a native of Virginia, and lives near Tye River Warehouse on the canal leading from Richmond. For several years she has been a favorite contributor to many of our Southern weeklies and monthlies, and the readers of them all have learned to love the heart-speaking lines from "Grape Hill." Naturally sensitive and retiring, her efforts have been to conceal her real name and to avoid as much contact with the outer world as possible; but her unpretending poems created a desire in the public mind to know the name of the writer, which desire was stronger than her efforts to conceal. A. Morris, of Richmond, has published two volumes of poems by Matilda. The edition of the first volume is exhausted. The second volume was published last year.

Of Miss Smiley's private history, we have been unable to obtain anything. We have a private letter in reply to one from us asking some facts, which we are strongly tempted to publish, as it is written in her usual simplicity of style, and gives an insight into her private life clearer than descriptive words could portray it. But we fear this would offend, and we shall only extract a paragraph, giving her reasons for withholding the facts desired. In giving this extract we go beyond permission, but we hope to be forgiven, as we withhold the parts most personal and private:

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.  
**A Saddle-Bags Hero.**  
THOMAS L. DOUGLASS.

No Church in modern history has had more devoted, zealous, and self-sacrificing ministers than the Methodist Episcopal. All who have thus toiled in the Master's vineyard deserve praise, and they have been honored of their God. Still, it is the glory of Methodism that her itinerants are always to be found and traced upon our frontiers. Here they emphatically build on no other man's foundation, but, seeking the poor, the neglected, and the destitute, they sound the joyful trumpet of the gospel. Were it not for these saddle-bags men, myriads sitting in the region and shadow of death never would hear the glad sounds of the Saviour's love.

Methodism has been especially successful in Tennessee. It is the leading denomination in that State, and perhaps none at the South has sent into the gospel vineyard so many ministers as this. They are found in Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, California, and among the Indians. Methodism doubtless here took such deep root from its pure scriptural doctrines, its early introduction into the new settlements, and the zeal, piety, and talents of its pioneer preachers.

Where Nashville now stands, corn was raised in 1779, the first settlers living in block-houses to protect themselves from the ferocious savages. Soon the saddle-bags minister followed to preach a crucified Saviour. In 1786, on the Cumberland Circuit, there were reported fifty-nine white and four colored members. Mr. Ogden, plain and effective, was their first preacher in 1786, and this was the

"You must excuse me from giving any facts of my life to the public; they are 'simple annals,' not worth knowing. As to my literary career, the public know all that is worth knowing, perhaps, and I have no wish but to be 'little and unknown,' making light the hearts and homes of the few who are left to love me. I was born for the shadows of life, not for the sunshine; and if it had not been for a few loving but mistaken friends, my name never would have left the shadows of Grape Hill. Poetry is a perfect joy to me, and the earliest thing that I can remember is watching the clouds at sunset and making queer rhymes about them. An old house is filled with those childish fancies. I was the youngest of our household and a pet with all around, so I came to be raised up a writer. I wrote and still write for the very love of it; it is as natural as the air I breathe. I write in joy or sorrow. Poetry is the safety valve of my heart, and often and often when I have felt that my sorrows were too great to be borne, this gift (if gift it be) has soothed my spirit into calmness; and if my words can send a beam of joy into another's heart, I have my reward."

"My friends think my portrait very unlike me: one eye (the largest) and the brow, they say are very much like me, but they say the lips are too thin for me, the nose too long, etc. But as all who will see it are strangers to me, it matters not. However, if they ever see me, they will say the artists have not done me justice."

beginning of Methodism in Tennessee, west of the mountains. Twenty-five years afterward the membership had increased to 29,073 whites, and 1848 colored. What a spiritual harvest! Roses had blossomed, and springs of water broken out, in these once dry and thirsty lands. There were spiritual giants in those days, and, among scores of others, are gratefully remembered Ogden, McHenry, Poythress, Lee, Birchett, Massie, Crane, McKendree, Blackburn, Walker, Wilkerson, Thompson, Burke, Gwin, etc.; these all died in the Lord. In 1813 a new name appears among the Western preachers; this was Thomas L. Douglass, a native of North Carolina, and born in 1781. He was early converted, joining the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1798; and, only nineteen, he began to preach Christ. In 1813 the eloquent young North Carolinian was transferred to the Tennessee Conference.

Few men were ever more popular and successful in this new field of labor than this excellent servant of the Church. In 1820, at the camp-meetings, commenced the greatest work of revival ever seen in the Western country. Not less than five thousand people, with thirty-three preachers, attended the first of them, and over two hundred professed faith in the Redeemer. Mr. Douglass describes this meeting as an "altar all over the camp-ground." On some of these occasions the Methodists and Presbyterians united, inspired with mutual love and zeal to advance the Redeemer's kingdom.

The meeting at Salem, Bedford county, Mr. Douglass records "among the greatest" he ever saw. Such were the crowds of anxious hearers, that a moveable pulpit was carried

from place to place for their accommodation, the centre being occupied as a vast praying circle for the seekers. Two hundred and fifty professed Christ on this memorable occasion. One of the sons of Bethel fixed his tent near the encampment, for the enjoyment of himself and wicked companions, but some of them had experienced religion before his arrival. Others were also blessed with conviction, until he said he had even lost his class-leader. One evening he came walking through the camp ground, stopping near where Mr. Douglass was standing. Just at this moment there was a gracious and universal excitement through the whole encampment, and looking all around for some moments in astonishment, he exclaimed, "Well, if this is not enough to set hell, I'll be d—d!" He was left alone in his wicked and profane glory, with no companions to disturb God's consecrated grove.

That year there was a succession of these meetings, and all blessed in a remarkable manner. For that on Stone River Circuit the ground was extended to twice its original size, two preaching stands erected, with seats for two congregations, with a third some distance outside the lines. "The time," Mr. Douglass says, "was beyond description!" "It is impossible for me to give an account of particulars: three hundred and fifty professed conversion." "I baptized twenty-five children, fifty adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to nearly six hundred communicants."

This was one of the most extraordinary revivals of religion ever known in the West. Thousands were added to the Church militant, and many became flaming heralds of salvation. Valuable volunteers for Christ's army were here gathered in. Colonel James McFerrin, the father of the present well-known and esteemed Dr. McFerrin, was then awakened and converted. His children were soon brought to God, and three of his sons, with several of his neighbors, became Methodist preachers. The Rev. F. A. Owen, one of the Southern Methodist Book Agents, was also converted, and licensed to preach by Mr. Douglass. He also introduced Bishop Paine into the sacred ministry, with that wonderful man, Sterling Brown, who, in a few years, won hundreds and thousands to Christ, and then, in a chariot of fire, ascended to his heavenly abode! In all this extraordinary work Mr. Douglass was an honored, principal leader, exercising probably more influence than any other minister.

He was a fine specimen of a pulpit orator—erect, grave, dignified; his voice clear, and admirably modulated, and his articulation distinct. To these gifts he added the more precious graces of uniform, devout piety. The night before his death he declared to Dr. Green and the Rev. Mr. Quinn, his watchers, "I have been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church between forty-five and fifty years, and a preacher about forty-two years; and I believe the doctrines of the Church to be the true doctrines of the Bible, and I have not a shadow of a doubt in regard to their correctness." In rapturous joy he praised God for the plan of salvation. "Any suffering," said he, "I have endured, and sacrifice I have made for Christ's sake is now my glory. I glory in the cross of Christ!" While the chorus was singing,

"This world is not my home,  
This world's a howling wilderness,  
But heaven is my home."

he paraphrased the words, and with tears of joy said, "Home, sweet home! And a life of toil and labor, to get home, where I shall rest! where I shall see my blessed Saviour!" With such strains of triumph—strong in the faith—without a struggle, he fell asleep in the Lord. Thus died another saddle-bags hero.

Dr. Green preached his funeral sermon, April 10th, 1843:

"Well done thou good and faithful servant," etc.; and his dust was removed to Franklin, Tennessee. The Doctor also wrote his epitaph, which marks the spot:

SACRED  
TO  
THE MEMORY OF THE  
REV. THOMAS LOGAN DOUGLASS,  
BORN JULY 8TH, 1781,  
AND  
DEPARTED THIS LIFE, 1843.

He was from his youth a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for more than forty years a minister of the gospel of Christ.

He bore by nature a sound mind; and by grace, the friendship of heaven and fellowship with God.

Dr. Green wrote the epitaph, and for the outlines of this article we are indebted to that beautiful portrait of our hero in the Biographical Sketches, written by your excellent Agent, Dr. McFerrin. No Methodist library, North or South, should be without the volume.  
G. P. D.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**I Dream of Thee.**  
BY MATILDA.

I think of thee when morning light  
Sheds o'er the earth around.  
When dew drops bend the blossoms bright  
And sparkle on the ground.  
When leaves are trembling on the breeze  
And birds sing glad and free  
Amid the lowers and budding trees—  
Then, then I dream of thee.

And oh when twilight gathers in  
The minstrel to their towers,  
When silence cloaks the earth  
And sleep steals o'er the flowers,  
When stars are looking from above,  
And soft the moonbeams shine,  
Like radiance from the eyes we love—  
Then turns my heart to thee.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**Truth.**  
BY EATY J. BOYD.

How strong the foundation that's built upon truth,  
While surrounded by beauty, virtue and youth;  
Oh! sweet are its fruits, love and hope without end,  
Ah! where's the mine that will honor defend?  
'Tis truth, noble truth, true basis of the soul,  
That yields us treasures more lasting than gold.  
Then away! with deception, let truth take a bound  
Like the greyhound that follows his master around.  
Yes, broadcast this bright gem far, far o'er the land,  
Then behold! the glad change, how glorious and grand!  
Deception may wither, and blight its fair name,  
But remember! 'twill rise o'er mortalities' shame;  
Like the spirit immortal, it searcheth on high,  
To spread its fair plumes in a more limpid sky.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**THE POWER OF RIDICULE.**  
BY ELMAR ORVILLE.

For still the world prevailed, with its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.

Ridicule is a tyrant to whom all mankind  
submissively bow. With a demoniacal laugh  
he rides triumphantly over our "castles in the air," and resolves them into their original element—ether.

If you would combat an error successfully, ridicule it. Argument will be met with argument, while the power of ridicule is as irresistible as a whirlwind. If you would prevail over an adversary, instead of vials of wrath, pour upon his head vials of ridicule. Curse him to his face, abuse him and call him all manner of hard names and he may retaliate—give you a Rowland for an Oliver. But sneer at his ideas, make fun of any natural defect which he may possess and you disarm him—he is at the end of his row.

The case of the prophet Eliha when mocked by the children of Bethel affords one of the strongest proofs of the power of ridicule that we find on record. The prophet no doubt thought that it was bad enough to be bald-headed, without having to be reminded of it by a pack of hair-brained boys!

Women are peculiarly susceptible of being swayed by ridicule. They can bear almost anything else better than a sense of the ridiculous. With a woman the passion of love is stronger than it is with a man—in her bosom its sacred fires burn and glow with a preternatural heat,—when she loves she loves with a will and a purpose. Abuse the object of her affections, and, with a perverseness peculiar to her sex, she will cling the closer to him; but just turn the shaft of ridicule against him—sneer at his little foibles and short comings, and no matter how many noble attributes he may possess as a set-off, you extinguish the "divine flame" as suddenly and as effectually as a bucket of water would a pine torch!

Men, though not so easily "sneered down" as women, are seldom found to be proof against the world's "dread laugh." Nothing will raise a man's "Irish" sooner than a knowledge of the fact that some one is laughing at him, and nothing will make him "strike quicker" than an allusion to some defect or peculiarity belonging to himself. For instance, if he be dark-skinned you cannot offend him greater than by calling him a "mulatto;" or if he be cross-eyed, by calling him "a squint-eyed fool." I once saw a fight, the result of one of

the parties, who was a notorious gibbon, being called by the other "gibbon-gibbon!"

**The Press.**

The truly eloquent elegyman, Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, in a recent address at one of the religious anniversaries in New York, paid the following tribute to "the press":

"Who can measure the power of the press? An ounce of lead moulded into a bullet and put into a Minnie rifle, with a few grains of powder beneath it, will go two miles, and do its errand in an efficient manner, if it encountered no obstacle. But that ounce of lead moulded into types, and put into one of Hoe's lightning printing presses, will go thousands of miles and do its errand effectively, not on one man merely, but on millions, and that through oceans, rivers and mountains may intervene. A steam printing press? Did you ever go down in one of the spacious vaults beneath your sidewalks here, and watch the monsters. Why my friend I feel something like awe in looking at them.—I feel like taking off my hat to the huge machine. [Laughter.] It seems to me to be a living thing—one of Ezekiel's living creatures with 'the hand of a man, and the sound of many waters, and the living eye in the wheel.' It asks no nourishment, knows no weariness. How it strips itself to its work and toils on with a strength that mocks to scorn the might of the giant and with a clamor as if it would shiver to pieces every substance in its grasp. And yet, with a delicacy and precision unattainable by human hands, is received a fabric so delicate that a rude touch would rend it, and imprints upon it in the twinkling of an eye that which it cost hours to compose. It flings off sheet after sheet to entertain, instruct, regenerate, and bless the earth.

"None of us have yet begun to appreciate the influence of the press as an agent for the diffusion of knowledge, whether it be in volumes, pamphlets, or, above all, through the daily newspaper, the moral institution which has revolutionized not only the literary but the commercial and political world. If you have read the constitution, you will remember that there are only two estates in Congress—the Senate and the House of Representatives; but a third estate has sprung up, occupying during the session of Congress a seat higher than that occupied by the Senators and Representatives themselves, and which continues in session long after Congress adjourns, everywhere and at all times. It is composed of the representatives of the press."

**Shell Fish.**

Mr. S. G. Goodrich, in the second volume of his recently published Illustrated Natural History, says—

"It is a question which often arises, how the oysters, scallops, and other shell fish which are fixed to rocks for life, obtain food? Jones in his 'Structure of the Animal Kingdom,' answers this question: 'Wonderful indeed is the elaborate mechanism employed to effect the double purpose of removing the respired fluid, and feeding the helpless inhabitants of these shells.'

Every filament of the gill fringe, examined under a powerful microscope, is found to be covered with countless cilia in constant vibration, causing by their united efforts, powerful and rapid currents, which, sweeping over the entire surface of the gills, hurry towards the mouth whatever animalcules or nutritious particles may be brought within the limits of their action, and thus bring streams of nutritive atoms to the very aperture through which they are conveyed to the stomach; the lips and labial fringes acting as sentinels to admit or refuse entrance, as the matter supplied may be of a wholesome or pernicious character.

So energetic indeed is the ciliary movement over the entire extent of the gill's, that if any portion of them be cut off with a pair of scissors, it immediately swims away and continues to row itself in a given direction, as long as the cilia upon its surface continue their movements. What is there more curious, more wonderful than this in the history of animal nature? Down in the hidden depths of the sea, on every shore, in every cleft, in respect to myriads of this the most helpless of His creatures, God bestows his care and works His miracles!"



## Death of Lady Byron.

This event took place on the 17th of last month. Lady Byron was sixty-six years old, having been born in 1794. She was six years younger than Lord Byron, who was born in 1788, and she survived him thirty-six years. Ever since the separation in 1816, she seems to have lived very much retired, devoting her time and means to benevolent objects. She appears, from all accounts, to have belonged to the class known in this country as "strong minded women;" a description of persons for whom her gifted, but most unhappy husband, entertained an aversion bordering upon horror. It has never, we believe, been decided who was in the wrong, in the matrimonial squabbles that terminated in separation. But we can conceive of no condition which could have been worse for such a man as Byron, than a continuance of the connection. Separation was the best for him certainly, for it must be worse than pressing to death, whipping and hanging, to be bullied eternally by a "strong minded woman." The poet felt that, and he gave expression to his feelings in the well-known stanza:

"It is a pity learned virgins wed,  
With persons of no sort of education,  
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,  
Grow tired of scientific conversation."

Lady Byron is no otherwise remarkable, so far as we can learn, than as having been the person who wrecked the fortunes, ruined the peace, and broke the heart of the most eminent Englishman, by far, of the present century—the most eminent man, indeed, of his age, with a single exception. She may be compared to a fly (not in amber, but) in a diamond of priceless value, existing only by virtue of the indestructible character of the gem in which it is fixed. We observe the papers are already beginning to make fresh apologies for her. We can find none. She knew what Byron was fully as well before she married him as she ever did afterward. Her cold, calculating vanity prompted her to accept him, without caring anything for him, and the same coldness allowed her to separate from him without the slightest remorse, as soon as she began to tire of her choice. Of late years, she was a great patroness of Mrs. Stowe, riding in the same carriage with her, and assisting to finance her in every possible way. She could shed tears over the imaginary woes of Uncle Tom, although she had none for the ruin she had wrought in her own household. Abhorring man-womanism as we do, so far from shedding tears at her departure, we can only express the fervent wish that she had not left so many of her like behind her.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

## The Sicilian Insurrection.

The eyes of all Europe are now fixed upon the insurrection in Sicily, and the result. It is rumored that Napoleon has a lively interest in the move, and that England looks on with a jealous eye. Italy is destined to a better fate, and of the spirit with which the great general, Garibaldi, enters the contest, our readers may judge from the language of the following proclamation, the first to the Neapolitan army:

"Foreign insolence reigns over Italian ground in consequence of Italian discord! But on the day that the sons of Samotracia and Marcey unite with their brethren in Sicily, and you will join the Italians of the North, on that day our nation, of which you are the finest part, shall resume its place, as in former times, among the first nations in Europe. I am an Italian soldier, and only aspire to see you drawn up side by side with these soldiers of Vesuvius and San Martino, in order jointly to fight the enemies of Italy."

G. GARIBALDI.

Another proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of Naples says:

"It is time for you to imitate the magnificent example of Sicily against the most impious of tyrannies. To the perjured, blood-thirsty race that has so long tortured and trampled upon you, let the free government succumb, which eleven millions of Italians now enjoy; and for the faded Bourbon flag, substitute the glorious tricolor—happy symbol of national independence and unity, without which true and durable liberty is impossible. Your brethren of the North desire nothing more than to see you join the Italian family." Signed, G. Garibaldi, G. Reczerath, Baron Stocco.

Another proclamation is as follows:

"Sicilians! I have brought you a body of brave men, who have hastened to respond to the heroic cry of Sicily. We, the remnants of the battles of Lombardy, are with you. All we ask is the freedom of our land. United the work is easy. To arms, then! He who does not snatch up the weapon is a coward, or traitor to his country! Want of arms is no excuse. We shall get muskets, but for the present any weapons will do in the hands of brave men.—The monarch of the South shall provide for the children, women and old men deprived of their support. To arms, all of you! Sicily shall once more teach the world how a country can be freed from its oppressors by the powerful will of a united people."

G. GARIBALDI.

## THE TIMES ON GARIBALDI'S EXPEDITION.

The London Times of the 18th says:

"A man like Garibaldi is sure to do something worthy of note: if not successful, he will at least be heroic; if he does not succeed, he will shake a throne; if the Sicilians do not remember him as a deliverer, they will cherish his memory as a martyr. He will neither break out of the enterprise, like a Spanish Bourbon, nor will he carry it on in a manner

to insure the destruction of himself and his followers, like John Brown. He may fail, but he will have carried terror to the heart of the worst government in Europe; he will have lighted a candle in the South of Italy which will never be put out, and though he may not live to see the day, yet the liberation of the whole peninsula from that thralldom which the North has already thrown off will be principally his work."

"When every hour may bring strange and important intelligence, it is perhaps useless to indulge in speculation. But according to what we have already learnt, Sicily is by this time in a flame, and not only the island, but also Calabria and the Abruzzi. The course of events has been pretty much as follows: On the night of the 5th instant, the expedition set out from Genoa, Garibaldi having seized two steamers belonging to a private company. The force amounted, it is said, to 2,000 men, and after making, it would seem somewhat of a detour, to avoid the Neapolitan cruisers, it reached the coast of Sicily, and landed at Marsala on the 11th, pushing on to Calata Fini and Aleamo, where the insurgents are now concentrated. The reports connected with the landing are very contradictory. An official despatch from Rome, dated May 14, says that two Neapolitan frigates have sunk the steamer Lombardy and captured the Piedmontese, while from Turin it is reported, under date of the 16th, that the Piedmontese had not been captured. It seems likely, however, that these two steamers must have fallen into the hands of the Royalists, and indeed it is probable that Garibaldi will look with an unconcern on any such event. He of course merely used them to get to the island; the notion of sending them back for reinforcement is absurd. Garibaldi and his two thousand men will be merely the nucleus round which insurrectionary levies of the island are to be gathered; he must have made up his mind to depend wholly on native assistance, and to conquer the Bourbons by the aid of their own subjects, and perhaps their own soldiers. What concerns us more is the course of events in the island itself; and here the General seems to be doing as well as can be expected."

"From all sides we learn that the effect of the expedition in Southern Italy has been most remarkable. Calabria is in a ferment, and the Patrie says that an insurrection in Calabria and another in the Abruzzi are spoken of as having commenced. Into the probabilities of such a movement we cannot enter. If however these provinces do attempt to shake off the royal yoke, the assistance to the Sicilians will be great indeed. But the most important question is the behavior of the Neapolitan troops. The cause of the King depends on their fidelity; yet they are Italians, and we know what Italian soldiers did at Florence and Modena. It may well be that the army is not unwilling to fraternize with the most eminent soldier of the age; one who has recently borne a great part in delivering his country from a foreign yoke, and who is even now in the service of the most patriotic of Italian kings."

## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

## INTERESTING NEWS.

St. John's, N. Y., June 1.—The steamship *City of Baltimore*, from Liverpool 23d, passed Cape Race to day. Her news is important.

The statement that Garibaldi had been defeated is untrue. The latest intelligence says that he had obtained a decisive victory over the royal forces, and that Morillo and the insurgents were gaining strength every day. The Neapolitan government had very little to say upon the subject. The last bulletin asserts that two columns were pursuing the dispersed troops of Garibaldi.

The insurrection in Italy was spreading, and the fighting had extended to the Roman territory.

Garibaldi had been successful and was investing Palermo.

China refuses to accept the English and French ultimatum, and the northern Chinese ports were blockaded.

It was vaguely reported that France and Russia had signed a treaty on the Eastern question.

The Paris Bourse had advanced to 696.20c. The Russian troops in the Southern provinces were reported to be on a war footing.

## THE VERY LATEST.

Rome, May 23.—The Customs Guards at Onano were attacked and overpowered by the filibusters, who, after plundering the town, reentered Tuscany.

The peasantry were asking for arms. Papal troops will immediately leave Rome for the frontiers.

The *Journal of Rome* says that the news from Sicily was favorable to the Neapolitan government.

Antivary left Rome to-day for the frontiers. The Pontifical Chasseurs were sent after the filibusters, but owing to the darkness of the night, they fired upon each other, killing the Captain, a Lieutenant and five men.

Count Thun, the Austrian Ambassador to Prussia, had returned to Vienna.

## GEORGIA CROPS.

The Rome, Ga., Courier of the 26th May speaking of the damage done by the recent storms, says:

We learn from Col. B. C. Yancey, who recently returned from his plantation down the river, that his crop was seriously injured by the hail last week. Sixty acres of his cotton was ruined and he had to plow up and corn planted instead. Other planters in the vicinity also suffered much.

## THE STATE OF FREEDOM FOR THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

The model for the superb figure, designed by the illustrious and now deceased Crawford, and which is to grace the dome of our National Capitol, will shortly, by order of Congress, be cast in bronze by the eminent American sculptor, Clark Mills. The model is being now taken down; it is in sections which lift off from one another—the top of the head first, then the wreath, next the body comes apart near the elbows; the sword and scabbard is separate from the body, as is the arm which rests upon the hilt of the sword. The metal figure will be altogether hollow, not excepting the feathers upon the top of the head. The several sections of the plaster model are taken by themselves, and covered with loam—a mixture of sand and ordure—which is used in order to render the mould porous, else the gas, in its efforts to escape from its confinement when the hot metal is poured into the mould, would cause an explosion, which would, as has sometimes been the case, blow everything to pieces. After covering each section of the model with the loam, it is beaten hard with mallets, and after becoming dry, is lifted off and put together with ease. It would now be very easy to cast the figure solid, but the trouble is to make every part hollow, and the metal only one quarter of an inch thick, as is to be the case with this.

This will be done by filling the newly-made mould with loam; and after the latter becomes hard the former is lifted off in sections and the filling trimmed away to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This forms a core for the statue which is to be cast. The mould is then placed over it and the hot metal placed into the space intervening between the mould and the core, through gate ways (as they are called) which open upon the head and shoulders. There is much trouble in preventing honey comb in casting of so large a statue, for it is very difficult to mould a piece of bronze of any considerable size without air bubbles remaining in the metal, and this makes it so hazardous an undertaking, and requires a peculiar talent and experience in the business.

The head and shoulders will be cast in one piece, so as to form a complete shelter to prevent the rains from running in from above.—The statue will be three hundred feet from the base of the Capitol, will weigh sixteen thousand pounds. The first casting will be made in about six weeks time, and it is the wish of those in whose hands it is placed, and also the desire of Mr. Mills to have the figures ready for inauguration by the 1st of March next. It has been proposed to procure a small portion, even very small, as the metal would be then at least tainted with it, of the "old bell of Independence," which tolled out the first signal of freedom and of defiance to tyrants, and which would be a fit emblem to incorporate into the grand statue of Freedom, which is to be the surmounting figure of America's most glorious and hallowed edifice, the Capitol of our nation, and a statue which will be looked upon with wonder by many future generations, as the great master piece of modern sculpture.

## The Rescued Africans.

## MOURNFUL SCENE.

Among the Wildfire's cargo there is a young mother with a babe about six weeks old. She soon became an object of interest among visitors, and in a very short time both mother and child were suitably and comfortably clad.—Her eye beamed with the purest happiness when fondling her treasure, so helpless and so preserved; but, alas! brief was her enjoyment—it sickened and died—and as we saw her bending, and weeping, and kissing its inanimate form—wailing in plaintive sound, and responded to by numerous mourners around the corpse, we felt that love was beyond all conditions of pride or place, and that many might rejoice and be flattered in their self love, if they would be missed as much as the dead babe was by its young mother. It was laid in a handsome coffin, and a procession of seventeen went with it to its last abode. Low chanting and loud wails of grief would break forth, and when at last the spot was reached, they became as silent as the narrow house which would contain all the heart prized so much. The little coffin was placed in its grave, each threw in its handful of earth, and amid the deepest sorrow they returned in silence back.

## AN INTERESTING MEETING.

Among the rescued from the bark Wildfire, is a mild eyed woman and three children. She seemed quiet and subdued in manner, and excited no special attention, other than that she had a part of her family with her. Her great hope was to meet the others from whom fate had separated her. On the landing of the Williams cargo, she, with others of the first arrival, peeped at the fence, which separated the new comers from the old. Quick maternal instinct, discovered one, two, three and four, among the crowd whom she claimed as her daughters. She gave vent to her joy, in loud laughter of a song, and the children hearing the familiar air of home, caught sight of the singer, in whom they found their lost mother.—The meeting was one of tumultuous joy; shouts rose from three hundred voices, in the gladness of a simple mother, and with her four daughters entwined in each others arms, the mother took them with her, to meet the long separated, of whose fate each party was in utter ignorance.

## THE AFRICAN DEPOT.

The buildings erected on Whitehead Point for the accommodation of the negroes brought in by the Mohawk and Wyandotte, give to that part of the island quite a town-like appearance. Fronting the shore, and distant about

one hundred and fifty yards from high water mark, they go down each day and bathe therein. This in itself is a means of great personal comfort, besides being a healthful exercise.

The depot is two hundred and fifteen feet long by forty-four wide, divided into nine large rooms, so that the sexes are separated, as well as children from those of larger growth. In these spacious and well ventilated rooms, they eat and sleep, and during the heat of the day repose from a vertical sun. They are fed in squads of ten, seated around a large bucket filled with rice and meat, each one armed with a spoon to feed with. Thirty gallon tubs stand in the centre of each room, and they are permitted to help themselves freely to water. This for the well.

## The Mount Vernon Fund.

Mrs. L. H. Walker, Vice Regent for North Carolina, has handed us the following list of collections for this state, reported to the Association in March. Other collections have since been made and will be reported hereafter.

Collected by Mrs. F. Hoke, Lady Manager, Currituck County.

Francis & C. W. A. Hoke,	\$2.00
Salie B. Hoke,	1.00
Elen Hoke,	1.00
M. A. Beger,	1.00
M. J. Smith,	1.00
M. E. Johnson,	1.00
M. E. D. McLean,	1.00
G. L. Hoke,	1.00
A. E. Henderson,	1.00
Harriet E.,	1.00
Mary A. Jacobs,	1.00
E. A. Shade,	1.00
Fanny Reinhardt,	1.00
M. A. Thomson,	1.00
M. E. Miller,	1.00
Jane Melroe,	1.00
Mrs. W. Williamson,	1.00
Carh. McDaniel,	1.00
Susan L. Johnson,	1.00
C. K. Guim,	2.00
Lucy M. Ramsey,	1.00
Fanny D. Ramsey,	1.00
Ada E. Ramsey,	1.00
E. C. Phifer,	1.00
T. C. Michol,	1.00
Laura and M. A. Sumner,	2.00
Laura A. Wood,	1.00
S. C. Lander,	1.00
Sarah T. Lander,	1.00
Mary E. Barrett,	1.50
Margt. E. Luck,	1.00
P. M. Jorden,	1.00
Fanny Morz,	1.00
E. H. Zimmerman,	1.00
Elizabeth Roberts,	1.00
Alice and Ida Ramsey,	2.00
E. W. Hoyle,	1.00
F. C. Buntin,	1.00
Total,	\$43.50

Collected by Mrs. Holt and King, Lady Managers, Dare County.

Mrs. L. A. Holt,	\$1.00
Miss Julia A. Holt,	1.00
" C. E. and G. A. Holt,	2.00
" Amelia L. Holt,	1.00
" L. H. Holt,	1.00
Mrs. L. Earnhart,	1.00
" Susan Humphrey,	1.00
" Lizzie Leach,	1.00
" Jane Roberts,	4.00
" Susan Hargrave,	1.00
Miss Margt. Hargrave,	1.00
Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lindsay,	1.00
" Elizabeth S. Lindsay,	1.00
" T. King,	2.00
Miss Salie King,	1.00
Mrs. T. Hoge,	1.00
Miss Elizabeth Hunt,	1.00
" Mary Payne,	1.00
" Emily Holt,	1.00
" Mary Roberts,	1.00
Sarah E. McMorie,	1.00
Mary L. Peury,	1.00
Total,	\$27.00

Collected by Miss Jane Ruffin, Lady Manager, Albemarle County.

Mrs. Thos. Ruffin,	\$10.00
" Thos. Ruffin, Jr.,	1.00
Miss Jane Ruffin,	1.00
Mrs. James H. Holt,	1.00
" Rufus McAdon,	1.00
" Daniel Montgomery,	1.00
Miss Maria Montgomery,	1.00
Total,	\$16.00

Collected by Mrs. M. Troy.

Mrs. Mary Troy,	\$1.50
Miss Rachel Troy,	1.00
Miss E. Bunting,	1.00
Total,	\$3.50

Collected by Mrs. H. Reid, Lady Manager, Rockingham County.

Mrs. Gov. Reid,	\$5.00
Miss C. L. Settle,	5.00
Total,	\$10.00

Greensboro.

Editors of the "Times,"

\$5.00

## A FIRST RATE NOTICE.

The success of the Virginia watering places seem to rile our "brethren" of the North.—The N. Y. Herald, after a highly complimentary review of the summer attractions at the North, closes with the following "first rate notice" of those in our State:

"The taverns at the Virginia springs are said to be the worst of all. Bitter complaints are made of the cuisine, which is one of our Southern brethren's strong points. The visitors are lodged in huts, fed on hog and hominy saturated with grease, treated like niggers and charged like princes."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

## SENT ON FOR TRIAL.

Duncan charged with the murder of George W. A. Ruine, was before an examining court in Abingdon, on Monday when the prisoner was sent on for further trial before the Circuit Court of Washington county.

## A Corner for the Little Ones.

WRITTEN FOR THE CORNER.  
BY LAURA L.

Mother, please talk to me.

A darling little boy one day,  
Came to his Mother's knee  
And said, (for he was tired of play),  
"Mother please talk to me."

The Mother drew his little chair  
Close to her own bedside,  
And pushing back his clustering hair,  
Looked down with tender pride.

The little hands were diled with play,  
(The ruffled hair was tossed),  
And earnestly he clasped them both;  
The little feet were crossed;

And with an earnest, trusting air,  
Sure of the boon he sought,  
He lifted his dark eyes to hers,  
With deep attention fraught.

"What, please, shall I talk about,  
Of Angels up on high?"  
"No Mother, of a Christian boy,  
And one who did not die."

She told him of "a little boy,  
So brave, so good, so true,  
Solving to his Mother's tale,  
No bigger dear than you."

"He watched his heart and dilly ways;  
He would not tell a lie;  
Kindness to every thing he showed,  
He would not hurt a fly."

He loved to say his little prayer,  
To Jesus in the sky;  
He grew to be a good, wise man,  
That good boy did not die."

Ere the little face had grown,  
And closer now he stood,  
"Mother, I'll often say my prayer,  
And God will make me good."

Long Symp. N. Y.

## NO REPENTANCE—NO PEACE.

The peace of the Gospel, that passes all understanding, is given freely to every penitent and believing sinner. Many returning prodigals have known a joy which they have sought in vain in the round of sinful pleasures when they found the blessedness spoken of by David—"Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." But for those who neglect repentance, there can be no peace nor pardon. Mr. Ryle says with emphasis:

Have you ever heard of the great clock at St. Paul's in London. At mid-day, in the roar of business, when carriages, and carts, and wagons, and omnibuses, go rolling through the streets, how many never hear that great clock strike unless they live very near it. But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away—when men are gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London—then at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of that bell may be heard for miles around. Twelve!—One!—Two!—Three!—Four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man. That clock is like the conscience of the impenitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. He will not allow the inner man to speak to him. But the day will come when its voice will sound in his ears, and pierce him like a sword. The time will come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick-bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, that sinner's clock, will sound in his heart, and if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul. Oh, no! write it down in the tables of your heart—without repentance, no peace.

## A CHILD PREACHER.

A minister in one of our large cities had prepared and preached as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the benefit of an influential member of his congregation who was known to be of an infidel turn of mind. The sinner listened unmoved to the well-turned sentences and the earnest appeals; his heart was unaffected. On his return from church, he saw a tear trickling in the eye of his little daughter whom he tenderly loved; and he inquired the cause. The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sabbath school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ my child?" he asked.

"Why, she said He came down from heaven and died for poor me!" and in a moment the tears gushed from her eyes which had looked up in the heavens of only seven summers, as in the simplicity of childhood, she added, "Father, should I not love One who has so loved me?"

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done and he retired to give vent to his own feelings in a silent but pensive prayer. That evening found him at the prayer circle, where, with brokenness of spirit, he asked the prayers of God's people. In giving an account of his Christian experience, he remarked—"Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity, that I ought to love one who so loved me."

The minister, on returning from his meeting took his sermon and read it over carefully and said to his family and to himself: "There is not enough of Jesus Christ in this discourse."

## AN OPIUM EATER'S IDEA OF WOMAN.

De Quincy thus explains the fact (if it be a fact) of there being more women than men: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature—we always see more of heaven than of earth."



## Times' Correspondence.

Boston, May 29, 1859.

A hopeful apology, with a wish subjoined—Sights and scenes on Washington street, mentioning only a few of the places worth seeing—State street the great money mart—An item about horses.

Dear Times:—We are in hopes that your numerous readers are not so much fatigued with our attempts at describing this mighty city, that they will refuse to follow us in one more letter; we premise, however, for the satisfaction of all that this will be the last of our general descriptive efforts; we shall endeavor hereafter to regain our old track and instead of flouting our remarks to matters in and about Boston, shall take a wider range, a more extended flight, and if we do break down occasionally, we hope it may be overlooked and that we may have your support and sympathy, considering that we are honestly exerting ourselves for your benefit.

We have several times mentioned Washington street, as being the most fashionable promenade and will now endeavor to give your readers a more detailed idea of its attractions. In the first place it is very wide and very long, has but few trees and is paved with pebbles; the horse cars, omnibuses and carriages keep up a continual roar and a stranger, especially one from a quiet town, as we are or you would be, finds it difficult to understand what is said to him or even to hear himself think; in one respect at least we have an immense advantage over Broadway: the street approaches more nearly to completion; in the former a large proportion of the houses are always being torn down or built up and the unwary passenger is constantly in danger of being suffocated by clouds of dust, raised by falling bricks or timbers, or precipitated into some new mode of excavation; neither do we have such a number of drays and carts mingled with the better class of vehicles. Perhaps the greatest attraction to a young man would be the ladies, there are certainly numbers of the pretty angels, flitting up and down, enough to inspire in the breast of every one, who owns a human heart, many a thought dangerous to his equanimity. If we thought we could at all trust our pen on such a tempting subject, we might essay a description of the beautiful panorama constantly visible, every fair evening on this highly favored spot. But we forbear; it may suffice to say that we have never before witnessed a more pleasing scene; you may see many faces extremely handsome and when you do meet some withered old crone or some unfortunate one, on whose face sin and sorrow have cast their withering blight, their repulsiveness only heightens the effect. The manifold fashions of their gay rigging are infinitely beyond our powers of description; in this matter and that of personal beauty we do confess to some taste, at least we flatter ourselves to that extent, but after this our knowledge of the first named ends; we therefore must beg your readers here to excuse their most florid imaginations and even then, they will fall far short of the reality. But how can we begin to convey an adequate idea of the magnificence of the numerous stores, which line both sides of the street, for a great portion of its length; most of them have very large show windows and in every one their choicest wares are grouped in the most artistic style. The art of dressing the windows well is almost elevated into a science and every arrangement that will cultivate taste can suggest is most successfully carried out. The most expensive jewelry, the finest pictures, the costliest fabrics are lavished on the display, that every desire may almost be gratified in a few moments' survey. Among the most popular localities, always thronged and where the stranger is always welcome, we feel it a duty to mention Williams & Everett's, a famous place for pictures; engravings and oil paintings are always to be had here in immense variety; it is also the favorite locality for artists to exhibit their works; we have recently had the pleasure of seeing a very handsome painting, just executed in Europe, representing the "First Worship of the Pilgrims" and a series of sketches from Nature, taken in the White Mountains; either of these would well repay an hour's visit. We ought to mention too Grant & Co., whose store was recently broken into by the Police and robbed of some \$10,000 worth of the richest silks; a large proportion of the goods was recovered together with the tools used in effecting an entrance and the two are now exhibited together in their window and the silks sold at a tremendous sacrifice. Shaw's is the great place for all kinds of Gas Fixtures; he makes an apparatus cheap, simple and effective which will boil your shaving water, make tea or coffee, or warm Baby's pap by the aid of one ordinary gas burner; a larger one will boil a kettle of water or heat smoothing-irons, make toast or broil a steak, and another will cook dinner for 15 persons in a marvellously short time and at an infinitesimal cost. The first named costs about \$1 and so on up to about \$40; this is no humbug, but is extensively used here, with complete satisfaction.

State street represents the Wall street of New York; it is short and not remarkably straight, but abounds in wealth; nearly its whole length is occupied by Banks, Brokers and Insurance Offices; at its head stands the State House and sadly fallen it is from its first estate, being now occupied by Printing Offices, Clothing Stores and lawyers' offices—the new State House is finely situated on Beacon Hill, fronting the common; the new Custom House and State Street Block, as fine buildings as any city can boast of, are at the opposite extremity. Here is also the Post-Office, a large

edifice well arranged, the Merchants' Exchange &c., &c. Many of the Newspaper Establishments are on this street; the most bitterly opposed seem to be arranged cheek by jowl and it is quite refreshing, walking down the street early in the morning, to read their flaming bulletins side by side.

A conspicuous feature on this street and indeed on all is the horse; nobler animals in the mass can hardly be found anywhere; they are generally well broken, seem endowed with very great intelligence, and walk steadily off with loads that our horses would hardly stand up under. Yours &c. P. S. S.

## Miscellaneous News Items.

## PHONOGRAPHY.

A new system of phonetic shorthand is announced, by which, it is said, the learner can acquire a perfect knowledge of the art in half an hour! Our credulous readers are cautioned against any such ruse to get their dollars. No mortal ever learned any system of shorthand in half a year, sufficiently well to report verbatim. The leading characters might be copied over in half an hour, with as much ease as the Greek alphabet. The acquisition of the art is like learning a new language. It may be simplified, but can never be understood in a flash.

## THE LARGEST METEORIC STONE.

A. M. Patterson, resident in Summit county, Ohio, is in our city, says the Pittsburg Commercial of the 25th ult., on his way for the East, with a specimen of the aerolite stones that fell near his residence during the meteoric shower which took place there last summer. The stone is the largest that fell. It is almost indescribable as to shape, being so irregular; but we should call it a quinton, its weight is one hundred and three pounds. It contains a considerable quantity of sulphate of iron and some nickel. The doctor has other specimens which he has analyzed.

Very many of these stones fell during the said shower, yet no one was injured. The one of which we are writing was seen to fall, but so dimly itself that it was with considerable difficulty found. We presume Mr. Patterson will take it to the Smithsonian or some other scientific institute, though he has been offered one hundred and fifty dollars for it. A professor of Yale is making such examinations of these stones as he thinks will enable him to tell whence they fell.

## TALL PRICES.

At a sale of negroes belonging to the estate of B. Fuller, dec'd, in Franklin co., N. C., on the 17th ult., the following prices were obtained: Man, 29 years old, \$1,705; do 28 years old, (not sound,) \$1,230; do 24 years old, \$1,550; girl, 16 years old, \$1,195—being an average of \$1,481 25 each.

## A MODEL DIVINE.

A Texas paper says that Rev. R. P. Thompson, a native missionary in that State, is "breaking himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the Scripture quite fluently."

## THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese leave Washington on the 5th inst., stopping one day in Baltimore and four in Philadelphia. They go thence to Niagara Falls where they stay a day, reaching Albany on the 14th. Thence to Boston, and arrive in New York on the 24th, where they stay until the steamer Niagara sails on the 28th of July, direct for Japan via the Cape of Good Hope. The embassy are represented as being much pleased at the prospect of this trip.

## MASONIC ADDRESS.

By request of the Tuscarora Lodge, No. 1, Henry K. Nash, of Hillsborough, N. C., has consented to deliver an oration at St. John's College, in Oxford, on Monday, the 25th of June, (Sunday being the 24th,) in memory of St. John, the Baptist; and the members of the Masonic Fraternity generally are invited to attend.

## AN ADDRESSING MACHINE.

Our friend and brother editor, E. H. Myers, D.D. of the Southern Christian Advocate, Charleston, writes to his paper from a Northern visit of business:

"At Toronto, I purchased from the inventor and manufacturer, the Rev. James Spencer, of the Canada Wesleyan Conference, his ingenious machine for printing subscribers' names upon the paper, at the rate of sixty per minute, and, in a few weeks, it will be at work."

## CLERICAL FLIGHT TO EUROPE.

Bishop Potter, provisional bishop of the diocese of New York; Rev. Dr. Adams, delegate to the Edinburgh Convention, Rev. Dr. McGill, of Princeton; Drs. Patten and Gause, of New York, and Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina, sailed from New York on the steamer Adriatic, on Saturday last.

## SAD ACCIDENT.

A little son of the late Jesse Manning, aged about seven years, fell from the loft of a new building, in Scotland Neck N. C. head foremost a few days since, and stuck a large nail into the top of his head that happened to be in a piece of timber on the floor. A negro man was near by, and after some exertions, succeeded in pulling the nail out. The little boy has been suffering severely ever since, and there is little hope of his recovery.

## MONUMENT TO W. C. PRESTON.

The Alumni of South Carolina College, who were students under the administration of Hon. W. C. Preston, have formed an association for erecting a monument to his memory.

## INDIAN FIGHT.

The government is still suffering severely from Indian depredations, and as we see no very particular steps taking to put an end to it, we presume we may expect to see weekly accounts of Indian massacres hereafter as heretofore. A dispatch from St. Joseph, June 1st, says the missing mail pouch by Pony Express has come to hand.

Major Ormsby, at the head of one hundred mounted troops, was caught in ambush by five hundred Indians, near Pyramid Lake. After the fight they were scattered in every direction, and only forty-eight had returned alive. Among the killed were Major Ormsby, and a distinguished California lawyer named Meredith.

## A MOVEMENT.

The War Department has made one movement towards protection for the Indians. If they will only prosecute! The Department has telegraphed to the commander at Camp Floyd, directing that adequate protection be sent from Salt Lake to Carson Valley, which will effectually guard emigrants and the mail, and secure the safety of the pony express in future.

## GAS DIVIDEND.

The Newbern Progress says a dividend of 8 per cent, on the operations of the gas company for eight months has been declared, payable on and after the 4th day of June.

## RESIGNED.

Rev. L. Branson, formerly principal of the Lenoir Collegiate Institute, has resigned that position and severed his connection with the institution. He had been several years at the head of the school.

## TEMPERANCE.

The various Divisions of Sons of Temperance turned out yesterday evening, and repairing to the Exchange Hotel, received the Most Worthy Patriarch of the Order, Mr. Townsend, and other Delegates to the National Convention, and escorted them to Leigh Street Church, where a public temperance meeting was held, and where speeches of reception and responses were made, in the presence of a large and intelligent audience. The Order in the State is said to be in a healthy condition and doing much good.—Richmond Dispatch, 1st inst.

## DEATH OF JUDGE DANIEL.

We learn from the Richmond Dispatch that Judge Peter V. Daniel, of the U. S. Supreme Court, died in that city Thursday morning, May 31st. Judge D. was born at "Crow's Nest," in Stafford county, Va., on the 24th of April, 1781. During his life he occupied many positions of importance and prominence. When he had just reached his 21st year, he was chosen to represent his native county in the Virginia Legislature, and after serving two terms was elected a member of the Executive Council of the State, a post which he held for upwards of twenty years. After leaving the Council, he was appointed by Gen. Jackson District Judge of the Federal Court, and was subsequently appointed by President Van Buren to the Bench of the U. S. Supreme Court. He occupied this position at the time of his death. A few months since, Judge Daniel took up his residence in Richmond, after many years' absence in Washington, and his last moments were passed in the bosom of his family.

## MURDER.

Rev. John Chambers, residing in the lower part of Montgomery county, was shot and instantly killed on the 23d ult., while in the act of passing through his gate into the yard of his dwelling. One of his own negroes is suspected of having done the deed, and has run away. Mr. C. was a valued and pious minister of the gospel.

## A USEFUL LAYMAN.

For thirty-two years past, the Diocesan Convention of North Carolina has had one Secretary, Edward Lee Winslow, Esq., of Fayetteville. Though Bishops, Priests and Deacons have changed, and have come and gone, he is ever there true to his post of honor, trust and labor. He fills the place his father did before him, and far off he the day when his place shall be filled by another. He is never from his seat, always calm, ready in the questions before the house, and courteous, just, and obliging to all. No matter how much business may press at home, he always makes time for the service of the Church in Convention.—Church Intelligencer.

## TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH SNAKES.

The Marietta (Ohio) Home News, furnishes the following thrilling account of a fight with three snakes, which recently occurred in that vicinity:

Mr. James Lankford, of Fearing township, had a severe fight with three enormous spotted black snakes, on Monday morning last. He had been repairing a harrow by the side of a large tree, in one of his fields, when a strange sensation passed over him, which paralyzed him to such an extent as to render him almost powerless. He felt conscious that danger was approaching, yet seemed unable to save himself. He heard a rustling noise on the tree behind him, and was partially aroused from his stupor by a snake six feet and four inches long and seven inches in circumference, striking him on the back, passing over his shoulder, around his body and under his arms. A second snake immediately coiled itself around his body. Seeing a third approaching, and aroused to desperation, he seized an axe which he fortunately had with him, and by a lucky blow severed it in two, six inches back of its head. This one was five feet and eight inches long.

Mr. Lankford then turned his efforts to ridding himself of his other two foes, then beginning to tighten themselves unpleasantly around his throat. A severe contest ensued, lasting fifteen or twenty minutes, during which Mr. L. was thrown down several times. The reptiles kept up a constant hissing noise, and emitted a fetid, sickening odor. At length, the largest snake in endeavoring to strike at Mr. L. in the mouth, at which it made repeated efforts, was seized by the back of the neck, between Mr. Lankford's teeth and literally crushed. The snake instantly uncoiled and threw itself from him to the ground, *hara du combat*. The third one did the same and made his escape, Mr. L. being too much exhausted to make any attempt to pursue it. It was a narrow escape for Mr. L., who is a farmer, and whose veracity is unquestioned. We had the narration from his own lips.

(It may be so, and then it mayn't.)

## THE COTTON CLEANSER.

They have a new invention in New Orleans in the shape of a cotton cleanser. A quantity of the dirty cotton, scarcely saleable at all, is put into a kind of hopper, and in a moment you see it flying out at another aperture, quite clean and white. Three or four rollers, armed with wires about an inch and a half long, revolve in the same direction, and so that the teeth of one pass between the teeth of another. The cotton caught by the first roller would be carried up and round, but the teeth of the next roller arrests it half-way up, take it from the teeth of the first and carry it under, to be taken in the same way by the next. The fiber is not at all torn, as is shown by passing a newspaper through the same process unharmful. But the dust is crushed to powder, the heavier portions falling to the bottom, and the lighter being blown out by a constant current of air, created for the purpose.

## THE AIR-LINE RAILROAD.

We notice that Maj. Sam'l D. Phillips of this State has been appointed by the Board of Directors of the Georgia Air-Line Railroad Company, Agent for this State and South Carolina, to receive subscription of stock for said road. As this road is destined to be the great feeder to the North Carolina Railroad, it is the duty of the friends of this great enterprise, to take a lively interest in it; and we hope will take stock in it, so that the completion of it may be put beyond doubt. We see that stock to the amount of \$1,800,000 has already been taken, which is a good basis, for a work that will not cost over \$2,000,000 dollars.

We wish the enterprise success, and hope that every effort in the State friendly to this great Air Line Road, will give this a notice in their paper. This road will run direct from Atlanta, Georgia, to Chesterville, S. C.—Patriot.

## STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

The steamer "Kate McLaurin," captain William Evans, plying between Fayetteville and Wilmington, exploded on Monday of last week, killing Capt. Evans, and two free negroes, both deck hands. The pilot, engineer, cook, and one deck hand escaped uninjured.

An accident of so serious a nature as the above is felt by every one, and all who knew Capt. Evans, regret the loss of one who was so much esteemed by all. The Kate McLaurin was a new boat, having been running only since December last. She was owned by Messrs. Orrell & Bailey, of Fayetteville, and was valued at something like \$7000. She had on board a full cargo at the time of the accident, which of itself was worth \$2000.

## SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Late Madrid journals mention a report that a Cabinet council, presided over by the Queen, had resolved that an energetic note should be addressed to the government of the U. States on the subject of the seizure by an American ship of war, in the waters of Mexico, of the Spanish steamer the Marquis de la Habana—a seizure affected though the latter was carrying the Spanish flag.

Senor Collantes, the minister for foreign affairs, has declared in his journal, the Epoca, that Spain is prepared to enforce her claims should America refuse her redress, indemnification, and guarantees that no such "outrages" shall be perpetrated for the future. "We do not desire a war," says the Epoca, "with America, but should it be unavoidable, we are not apprehensive as to the result." A nation which has just shed its blood and treasure in Africa in defence of its honor—in the name of this nation, which has thus rendered itself great and powerful, we demand that the government shall display in this matter the utmost energy. We hope that the affair may be settled by diplomacy; but should diplomacy fail, we will write on America with the point of our swords the concluding pages of the magnificent epoch which we have so gloriously commenced on the burning sands of Africa.

The Liverpool Mercury considers this a specimen of "puck" and "tall talk" which the Americans will find it difficult to beat.

## UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

An election was held the 26th for best Debaters and Editors. In the Washington Society, William Allen, of Winchester, Va., was elected Medalist, and Leroy S. Edwards, of Petersburg, Va., was chosen Editor. In the Jefferson Society, James M. Boyd, of Lynchburg, Va., was elected Medalist, and Wm. B. Tabb, of Amelia county, Va., was chosen Editor.

These gentlemen are men of remarkable talent and high literary attainments and well deserve the honors their respective Societies have been pleased to bestow upon them.

## NORTHERN METHODISM.

In the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, on Tuesday, a vote was taken on the first resolution in the report of the majority of the slavery committee, which recommends a change of the rule in the discipline so as to prohibit "the buying, selling, or holding of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them." The vote stood one hundred and thirty-eight for the resolution, and seventy-four against it, lacking ten votes of the required two-thirds to adopt. Absentees eight. The vote remains open yet for the absentees, but result will not be materially altered from the above figures. This is considered a test vote, and the majority report will probably fail of adoption by four or five votes.

## PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Presbyterian Old School General Assembly has elected Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, to the chair of Practical Theology, and Rev. C. Wistar Hodge to the chair of New Testament Literature and Biblical Greek in the Princeton Theological Seminary. In regard to temperance and slavery, the assembly has voted that no further action is necessary.—The New School Assembly has adopted the report of a committee against a resolution proposing to instruct the committee on church extension to extend aid to no church which has among its members one or more communicants who are slaveholders, and to instruct those whom they may send out as evangelists to receive to the communion of the churches which they may form no person who is known to be a slaveholder.

## PONY EXPRESS.

The California pony express has been intercepted by the Indians, who have chased all the men from the stations between Diamond Spring and Carson City.

## NEW YORK CROTON WATER.

From the New York Comptroller's annual report, it appears that the cost of the Croton water-works, including the dam and other works at Croton river, aqueduct, reservoirs, mains, &c., to December 31, 1859, was \$15,210,629, exclusive of the cost of certain water pipes, and a large amount of interest paid during the construction of the works. The water debt is now \$7,051,700. The debt of the city is \$21,329,818. The sinking fund for the payment of interest on the city debt is \$2,579,534.

## THE BIRTH PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

Some years since Lewis Washington, a descendant of the General, presented to the State of Virginia the lot of land in Westmoreland county on which stood the house in which the father of his country first saw the light of day. This was done with a view of having the spot marked by some suitable monument by the State. We learn that it is the intention of the Governor and Secretary of the Commonwealth to proceed to Westmoreland county during the present week, to examine into the present condition of the "birth place of Washington," ceded to the State by his descendant. They propose having the ground (one or more acres) enclosed, and a road-way made to it. It lies on the Potomac river. A monument will be put up to designate the spot. A piece of the hearthstone of the ancient edifice (perhaps the only remaining relic) is now in the State Capitol in Richmond. Many years since a marble slab denoted the place of Washington's first home, but the mutations of time and chance, it is believed, have caused it to disappear.

## POST MASTER POWER.

A letter from Havana states that Fowler, the defaulting postmaster, is now in Havana, where he arrived by steamer from this city.—This sets at rest the various rumors of his having gone to Europe, Brazil and other places.

## THEODORE PARKER'S LIBRARY.

Rev. Theodore Parker bequeathed his private library, containing over thirty thousand volumes, to the public library of the city of Boston.

## HEALTH OF NEW ORLEANS.

The latest papers received from New Orleans represent that city as remarkably healthy, the yellow fever being confined to the Charity hospital.

## RELIGION IN THE DAILY PRESS.

The Boston Traveler advertises that it will pay \$25 each for sermons suitable for publication. It requires that they shall be collected of all unprovoked and ungenerous areism, and pervaded by a tone of Christian charity.

## CAPTURE OF ANOTHER SLAVER.

A special dispatch to the Savannah Republican, dated Cedar Keys, 29th ult., states that advices had been received there that Lieutenant Maffi had captured a French bark with a cargo of five hundred Africans. The vessel and the negroes were carried to Key West, on the 25th.

## LOTTERIES.

The Georgia law of 1858, prohibiting lotteries goes into effect on the first day of June.

## THE FATHER OF WATERS GROWING.

A fact was revealed in court at New Madrid, Mo., last week, which is not a little startling in a scientific point of view, as tending to show that the Mississippi of to-day is not the stream it was half a century ago. One of the oldest inhabitants of New Madrid stated on oath that he had known the river more than fifty years, and that when he first knew it, it was a much smaller and shallower stream than it is now—so shallow, indeed, that he had waded and forded it often. Several old residents of New Madrid confirmed this statement, and declare that the river at that point, now more than a mile wide, was fordable half a century ago.



## THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday, June 9, 1860.

C. C. COLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARTERS, D.D.,  
J. STUBBS HOLLOMAN,  
W. L. HIGGINS,  
W. M. B. DENNIS,  
S. J. A. WHITELEY,  
W. M. J. JENNIS,  
WILLIAM P. PARSON,  
J. A. CLAYTON,  
C. G. HUNN,  
ANNA M. STILES,  
GRACE WILKINSON,  
MRS. M. H. HUTCHINSON,  
ED. ST. JOHN, PHOENIX,  
W. C. HUTCHINSON,  
GRIFFITH A. JORDAN,  
and others.

## Summer Programme.

Besides the beautiful Prize Story now running through THE TIMES, "The Pride of Vivian Gray," by Mrs. Denison, we respectfully announce to our readers the following interesting "Summer Programme" of entertainment with instruction:

HELEN GRAHAM: A Thrilling Love Story. By M. GENIEVE.  
RUTH WARREN: A Story of the Revolution. By LEWIS C. G. MILLAR.  
ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE; or, A Volunteer of 1812. By MABEL LANSING.  
CONESTA: A Tale of Forest Days. By ABILEY.  
GRACE MORTIMER; or, The Orphan Heiress: A Tale of American Life. By Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS.

It will be a pleasure to turn aside from the heat and dust and excitement incident to the political campaigns fast approaching upon us, to something so entertaining, fresh and spicy.

The publishers of THE TIMES will relax none of their efforts to make every department of the paper as interesting as possible.

## Patrick Springs Female College.

The proprietor of the Patrick Springs, Rev. Beverly A. Davis, has issued a circular, in which he sets forth his intention of converting this old and popular watering place into a female college. Rev. Wm. B. McGilvray, the present accomplished and popular Principal of the "Chatham Female Seminary," at Pittsylvania Court House, Va., is agent for procuring subscriptions for this object, and who will be Principal of the school, when organized.

## Credit.

The Danville Appeal reminds us that we copied into our columns the laughable piece on "Love Powders," without the credit. We are glad the Appeal reminds us of this neglect, since the path of the story is lost without the credit, giving the locality of the scene. We would remark, however, that the proper credit was marked on the copy, and again in the proof. Our type must have been taken with the idea, to have failed to see the credit in both instances. Under the circumstances, we pray the Appeal to excuse him, and to inform him in the next issue how the "powders" worked.

## Mr. Douglas' Prospects.

Since the adjournment of the Charleston Convention, many of the Democratic organs speak of Mr. Douglas' nomination at Baltimore as a fixed fact. Even those a little afraid of him before, now are firm in his cause. The following paragraph is from the Charlotte Democrat, and speaks the sentiment of the Democratic press of the State:

"On the 15th and 16th instant, Mr. Douglas made a great speech in the U. S. Senate in support of the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress in the Territories. The speech is a triumphant vindication of the principle that Congress ought not to interfere with slavery, but leave the people of the States and Territories to establish or prohibit it as they may elect. And he proves that the State Legislatures of Florida and Georgia, a State Convention of Georgia as well as of other Southern States, the Hon. Geo. E. Badger of North Carolina, Henry Clay, and other distinguished men North and South, have advocated and supported the same principle for which he (Douglas) is now contending. No man, unprejudiced by party feelings, can read the speech and then say that Stephen A. Douglas is an unsafe man for the South to trust."

A new farce entitled "The Charleston Convention; or, Boarding the Delegates," has been brought out at the Bowery Theatre, New York. The Charleston Courier doubts whether the success of the piece equalled the original.

## Dr. Hawks' History.

As a North Carolinian, we earnestly desire to see a correct history of the Old North State completed, such an one as Dr. Hawks is now preparing; and we wish we could say something that would induce the citizens of the State to encourage the publication by purchasing the different volumes as they are printed. They have not done so as yet, and we regret to say it. May we not hope that a feeling of pride (if nothing else) will cause our people to purchase a copy and thus sustain the author and the publishers in their patriotic undertaking. The next Legislature should afford the work some encouragement by purchasing a copy for the use of the Common Schools of the State. The teachers of those schools might read a portion each day to the scholars, and thereby impart to the rising generation some information in regard to the history and character of their native State. At the proper time we shall again allude to this proposition, and we hope the press of North Carolina will assist us in directing attention to the matter.—Charlotte Dem.

We have just received by mail from the publishers, a beautiful and well-bound copy of the second volume of this history, which may be examined at our office. As it may be an accommodation to many in this vicinity who wish to secure these volumes for their own information, and for the encouragement of the work, we propose opening a subscription list at our office, and will supply the work to all subscribers free of cost for carriage. A great many copies should be sold in this place.

## American Tract Society.

The anniversary of this Society was held last month in New York. Since the effort made three years ago to Abolitionize the Society, the public look with much interest to the proceedings of these anniversary meetings. So far they have most signally failed in perverting the society to their unholy cause. The Annual Report exhibits a highly prosperous condition of the institution. The new publications during the year, exclusive of packets of cards, number 111, many of them illustrated, and in seven different languages. There were printed during the year 731,700 volumes, 11,045,100 publications, or 238,876,800 pages.—There were gratuitously distributed during the year, in 3,940 distinct grants, 55,013,032 pages, not including those to life members and directors. The receipts for the year were in donations and legacies, \$111,961 87; sales, \$232,636 56; received on insurance and expended before April 1, \$32,718 91, making with balance in the treasury \$380,761 93.—The expenditures were, in manufacturing, \$212,331 07; Colportage \$79,616 20, colporteur agencies and depositories, \$29,497 99; cash for foreign lands, \$12,000; all other expenses, \$47,817 67; making \$380,762 93.—During the past year, 479 colporteurs and 170 students from 50 colleges and theological seminaries, in all 619, labored in the United States and Canada; 233 being stationed in the Northern and middle States; 261 in the Southern and Southwestern States; and 152 in the Western and Northwestern States and territories.

The Abolitionists renewed their efforts during the meeting, but most signally failed to produce even a sensation. The Rev. Mr. Wolcott, of Chicago, of whom our readers have before heard, was put forward by the agitators to commence the demonstration. He introduced a series of resolutions, of the stereotyped order, directing the publication of tracts on the moral duties arising out of the institutions of slavery and against the slave trade, and supported his resolves by a speech that he doubtless thought of a very moderate tone. The meeting heard him patiently through when, very unexpectedly to those who had thought to get up a respectable fight at least, Judge Bronson quietly moved an adjournment. The report of the Executive Committee having been previously adopted, the motion was carried by a large majority, and the Society adjourned.—The only further notice taken of Mr. Wolcott and his anti-slavery programme, was by Rev. Mr. Lee, of Brooklyn, who offered a resolution condemning the German Sunday Beer Gardens, and recommending the publication of a tract against the evils of abolitionism, which excited a good-humored laugh.

## Boston.

For many years Boston has been comparatively cut off from all Southern trade. There seemed to be little or no community of feeling existing between any of the Southern states and Boston. The signs of the times are changing and a better feeling between the two sections will be the result. As an evidence of this change, the Charleston, S. C., papers announce that orders have been given for the construction of two steamships to run between that port and Boston. Only a few days ago the fact was stated that sufficient capital had been subscribed for a line between Boston and New Orleans. It is pleasant to notice these preparations for increasing communication between distant parts of the country.

## Miss Pettit.

This young lady, who has exhibited so much talent, has recently been complimented by a special request to give a public reading in New York. The letter of request was signed by Gen. Scott, Geo. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, and other distinguished gentlemen. She was honored with a large audience, and her reading is said by the critics of the press to have been very successful.

## The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

## Reviews of New Books.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE PURITANS: Or the Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS.—In three volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

In our notice of the first volume of this work, a short time since, we took occasion to speak, somewhat at length, of the character of its contents, and the spirit of impartiality in which the author commenced the execution of his work. We then formed and expressed a high opinion of the work, both in a historical and an artistic point of view. And now, after having read the second volume carefully, which carries us two-thirds of the way through the work, and which enables us to form a shrewder and more accurate judgment of its nature and character, we take pleasure in re-affirming our former opinion. It is the ablest work ever written upon the Puritans; and presents them for the first time, in their true light, while it holds up to view the evil fruits and the bad policy of the "Church and State" system. We could point the reader to no stronger or more convincing proofs of the evils and impracticability of legislating for men's consciences than this faithful exposition of the state of religious opinion in England, during the period embraced in this work, and the exercise of the Queen's royal prerogative, as the supreme head of matters ecclesiastical. What a tyranny to subject the opinions, say the very thoughts, of a whole kingdom to the capricious whims of one factious woman's will! Then add to this proposition Elizabeth's determination to enforce "uniformity" and "to root out" all non-conformists! The prisons that were filled with men and women, the hands and ears that were lopped off, and the rivers of blood that ran from those who only wished to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, because they regarded the dictates of conscience and their Divine Master's will as superior to the secular power of any magistrate appals the mind. The horribleness of the details of Elizabeth's persecutions are avoided as much as possible in this work; yet a sufficient amount thereof is necessarily included in order to fairly present the questions under discussion.

This volume carries us through ten years of the reign of Elizabeth—from 1575 to 1585.—It completely reads the veil and exhibits her state policy to view from which the reader may arrive at his own conclusions. The author is sparing in his denunciations—confining himself rather to the logical statement of facts.—He has carefully collected the authorities; and his work is in every respect reliable. The first volume met with an enthusiastic reception and its popularity is steadily on the increase.—When its great merits become known and its powerful claims to the first rank of Historical works become recognized, it will be the standard work on THE PURITANS. It is a work whose popularity will only increase with age—as it becomes the more widely read. It reads like an Oriental romance, while its style is as simple and pure as Irving. We esteem this work as one of the ablest Historical works in American Literature.

The third and last volume will appear sometime this summer; and when the work is complete we shall again recur to it and point out its meritorious qualities more in detail. In the mean time don't omit to read it. \$2.50 per volume.

THE HISTORICAL EVIDENCES of the Truth of the Scripture Records stated anew, with Special Reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of modern times, in Eight Lectures delivered in the Oxford University Pulpit in the year 1859 on The Bampton Foundations.—By Geo. Rawlinson, M. A. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

These Lectures are an attempt to meet the latest phase of modern unbelief, says the author, which, professing a reverence for the name and person of Christ, and a real regard for the Scriptures as embodiments of what is purest and holiest in religious feeling, lowers Christ to a mere name, and empties the Scriptures of all their force and practical efficiency, by denying the historical character of the Biblical narrative. We know of no author so well qualified by natural ability and by research to answer the German Neologists as Dr. Rawlinson. German skepticism has assumed such formidable ground that, according to the complaints of German orthodox writers, "no objective ground or stand-point" is left, on which the believing Theological science can build with any feeling of security. It became necessary that the believer in Jesus Christ should meet these skeptics and vanquish them, or retire from the field. The author of these Lectures entered the field as the champion of the Scripture Records relative to Christ and Christianity, and never were opponents more clearly and thoroughly vanquished than were these Germans by Mr. Rawlinson. It would seem to the mind of most any candid man that he has set the matter at rest, and forever. His vindication of the Bible is a masterly effort, and will meet with the hearty approbation of all good Christians. While the work is professedly an answer to the German Neologists, it is not, strictly, a controversial work. It deals with facts,—it states them clearly and carefully; and is controversial only in so far as this lucid statement is opposed to the positions of his opponents. We have examined the work with much care and with much satisfaction; and we have no hesitancy in pronouncing it one of the ablest theological works which we have read for years. The Historical Notes constitute about one half of the volume and are highly

interesting, and attest to the extent of the author's research.

RUTLEDGE: New York, Derby & Jackson, 438 Broadway.

As a general thing American fiction falls far short of what it ought to be. Our country's history, institutions and people furnish an ample field for the skillful novelist's pen, and we have writers of acknowledged ability, who might and who ought to build up American Fiction. Our novelists usually lay their scenes in the East and attempt to depict life and manners in the Orient; and their works are generally rapid and very absurd; but here is an American novel that not only challenges its place in the first rank of American Fiction, but in the first rank of Fictitious Literature. It will take its place beside the novels of Miss Burney and Sir Walter Scott; and as time rolls on, it will become a classic in our literature.—Fluent and graceful in style, highly moral in tone; while as to the story, it is a reproduction of American life and scenery as accurate and beautiful as the placid lake mirrors the overhanging sky. The unmistakable evidences of genius and fine talent are here; and by cautiously employing those talents, the author, who through modesty refrained from placing her name upon the title-page, may occupy the most prominent rank in our Fictitious Literature. A few more such excellent novels as "Rutledge" will place American Fiction just where it should be.

Messrs. DENNY & JACKSON of New York have in Press and will issue during the summer several excellent works amongst which are the following:

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH, Distinguished in Literature, by Mary Forrest. The plan of this will be something after that of Duyckinck's "Cyclopedia of American Literature," and will be published in one elegant small quarto volume, illustrated with steel portraits. Such a compendium of the Literature of the South must meet with the hearty support of all patrons of Southern literature. In the hands of such an able and accomplished Editress it can not fail to be one of the choicest books of the season. It will be a faithful hand-book to southern literature, and will exhibit the literary resources of the South in a just and favorable light.

As a companion volume to this the same publishers will soon issue the "POETS AND POETRY OF THE SOUTH," Edited by John Estlin Cooke and J. R. Thompson in one elegant octavo volume. The reputation of the editors of this work is a sufficient guaranty that it will be of the highest order. It will be such a work as will readily commend itself to all lovers of true Poetry, for the South has produced some of America's sweetest poets. We commend this work most heartily to our Southern friends.

The other work is "THE LOVES AND HEROINES OF THE SOUTH," Illustrated with Real and Ideal portraits from designs by Barry and others; by Richard Henry Stoddard. Nothing can be more acceptable to lovers of the poetical and the beautiful in poetry, than this work from the able pen of the poet Stoddard, one of the rising stars in American Literature. It will be unsurpassed in point of literary excellence as well as the beauty and richness of the style in which it is to be published by any kindred work of the day. Could three more excellent works be published for the Holidays than these? Examine them for yourselves and answer.

## The Navy Pay Bill.

An exchange says, "It is stated that the President will not sign the navy pay bill, neither will he veto it, but will allow it to become a law by remaining in his possession over ten days. He believes that it is an improper bill, but inasmuch as it is passed by a two-thirds vote in both Houses, he does not consider himself justified in vetoing it."

Our navy is the great representative of this country in all lands, besides the bulwark of our defense; and as such it should demand the first men in its several departments. The Government is very strict, and justly so, as to the qualification of the naval officers, besides having strict regulations and customs. Men of the first ability will not subject themselves to these restrictions without good and reasonable pay, and we, therefore, can but commend the liberal views taken upon the subject by Congress, expressed in the recent increased pay of the naval officers.

## Self-Made Men.

You take the popular portion of any state in this Union, and select from it fifty men who are most distinguished for talent, or any description of public usefulness, and they are men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils, and who are they who take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes. It is true of all the professions. It is so now, and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is arduous and must be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or else as a matter of absolute necessity. He who has a fortune to fall back upon, will slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from competition. Every boy in the land had better be born poor than rich. His chances of being a great man are ten to one better than if he was brought up on a velvet cushioned chair, and fed from a gold spoon.

Shortness of life is often occasioned by the irregularities of the liver.

## Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

The editor of the Charlotte Bulletin seems to have been especially exercised recently upon the subject of "Woman," and since she is the ruling angel in all well regulated homes, the following editorials from his issue of the 31st, will come more appropriately in this department of THE TIMES:

## WOMAN'S MARRIAGE.

To marry one man, while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a woman can commit. It is a sin against kindness and truth. It involves giving that legal right which is guilty and shameful when given to anything but reciprocal affection. It involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, perhaps blighting and soiling the soul of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disenchantment of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasped only the phantom, soulless beauty and the husk, the shell, the skeleton, of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception, at home and abroad, by day and by night; at our down-sitting and uprising; deception in every relation—deception in the tenderest and most endearing moments of our existence. It makes the whole of life a weary, degrading, unwarded life. A right-minded woman could scarcely lay a deeper sin upon her soul, or one more certain to bring down a fearful expiation. For a woman in very truth, this is sin against the Holy Ghost—the sin unto death—the sin that casts a terrible darkness over both worlds.

## FEMALE BEAUTY.

It is not in the beaming smiles of a pretty face, nor the symmetry of person, nor the costliness of decorations that makes woman beautiful. Nor is it the enchanting glances they know so well how to cast from the beaming eye, that makes her lovely. It is her genial humor and deportment, her chaste conversation and purity of action, her sympathy in distress and comforting words in affliction, and, above all, the native goodness of soul, that renders her loving and lovely. "Beauty undimmed is adorned the most." Let it be graced with the simplicity of nature, and it will shine as shineth the sun, and display to admiring man beauties not to be found in jewelled ornaments or tinsel wreaths. The reflections over the rectitude of a well spent life soar far above the transient beauties and vanities of the world.

## EDUCATED WOMAN.

There is no sight so truly pitiable as that afforded by a rising family of children under the guardianship of an ignorant mother. We would be understood by the use of the term ignorant, as wishing to convey the picture of a mother whose maiden days were devoted to the acquirement of fashionable accomplishments, to the exclusion of solid mental culture and acquirements. The woman who reigns queen of the ball-room is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children; and the time spent at soiree and rout will be bitterly regretted when age brings experience and consequent remorse for the evil she has inflicted, and her incapacity to discharge properly the interesting and important duties of her station, when it was her natural duty to be at once an instructor and an example. The maiden who casts aside her book for the cotillon, will never win the love and esteem of a sensible man; and should she select a partner for life among her partners in the dance, she will find, when it is too late, that her choice has been unfortunate as the place where she first attracted his notice was injudicious. We look with pain upon that wife who enters upon her second era with fashionable ideas of society. Her first era has been devoted to the attainment of certain rules and systems pardonable in the girl, certainly consumable in the wife, and criminal in the mother.

## OUR FRAILTIES.

We all feel that there is something in reflection and experience which, though it does not abate the detestation of sin, very considerably increases compassion for sinners. Those who know, and think, and observe much, find in their own hearts, and in the conduct of those around them, but too many reasons for pitying, as human frailties, the excesses of human passions; learning to regard the errors of their fellow-men with melancholy rather than with anger; while, in the direct open abhorrence of more simple minds, the culpable seem to see some slight reflection of that purer eye—that eye too pure to behold evil—and tremble at the prospect of their own deformities.

## VERY NICE LEMON PIES.

Grate the lemon, add a small bit of butter, a large cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of flour and half a cup of water; beat well together—bake on rich paste without an upper crust; while the pie is baking, beat the whites of the eggs, with a little powdered loaf-sugar, into a light frosting, spread it over the top of the pie, set it back in the oven a few moments, to brown very lightly.

## RICE WITH CUSTARD.

Boil rice slowly, without stirring it, until it is tender and swelled slightly; turn it into a mold to cool,—make a boiled custard, very thin and sweet, and pour it over the rice before it is served.

It is supposed that angels do not wear dresses. Our fashionable ladies are getting more angelic every year.



# WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES. The Arawonda. BY MARIE LANSING.

Swaying to and fro in the balmy breeze  
Are the branches of the Brazilian tree.  
The wild deer bounds from his secret glen;  
And the tiger leaps from his secret den;  
While birds of a thousand varied dyes,  
Flame their wings and soar to the azure skies,  
Waiving strange wild melodies.

From the highest crags of the rocky steep,  
Where the tempests are hurled, where the eaglets sleep,  
The vulture comes to fall within his way,  
That may chance to fall within his way.  
While in the forest's depths is a changeless night,  
So faint are the rays of struggling light,  
That come to the wanderer's wondering sight.

Mild darkness so deep, so strangely sublime,  
Mid scenes that have withstood the ravage of time,  
We feel that while passing down to the grave  
We're naught but a bubble on life's passing wave;  
That our highest achievement is naught  
To what God by the night of His word hath wrought,  
That we've in our pride are naught.

But hark! hark! there comes a solemn sound,  
From the forest's depths darkly profound:  
And it floats out on the silent air,  
Like a heavy heart's first fervent prayer,  
Like a spirit's wail, like a last farewell,  
Like the solemn sound of a tolling bell,  
Of a sad and solemn tolling bell.

Aye, it comes not, but its constant tolling,  
On the silent air seems ever rolling,  
For it speaks the loss of departed time,  
As it floats out like a mournful chime,  
Like a spirit's wail, like a last farewell,  
Like the solemn sound of a tolling bell,  
Of a sad and solemn tolling bell.

Yet not always thus did its solemn toll  
On the silent air tremble and roll.  
When in Euphrates' stream it laid its throat,  
Ere the fall of man, ere the earth was cursed;  
Its song was as sweet as the zephyr's strain,  
That for hours we hear yet long for again,  
That its musical chords in our hearts may remain.

But when it heard the deep and death-like wail,  
That swept over mountain, through forest and vale,  
When the loftiest trees as in anger did shake,  
When the rocks were rent, when the earth did quake,  
When to man the sentence of death was given,  
When he from Eden in anger was driven,  
With but a sorrowful howl of entering heaven:

Then the Arawonda breathed a doleful strain,  
That as long as time will be joyous again:  
And planning his crest sought the rocky steep,  
Where the eaglets are hurled, where the tempests sleep;  
And for evermore its notes will swell,  
Like a spirit's wail, like a funeral knell,  
Like a sad and solemn tolling bell.

## Prize Story.

### THE PRIDE OF VIVIAN GRAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

#### CHAPTER XIV. The Temptation.

VIVIAN GRAY had laid the train which she intended should result in the ruin of two happy young hearts.

One day Mary received a letter postmarked "London." Philip was there when the missive was placed in her hands.

"It is from Beatrice," she cried joyously—"stay till I go to my room and read it—I will see you again."

O! Philip (how changed the eagerness of that voice to sorrow) it is only a short and mournful note. Beatrice wrote it with her own hands—she fears she is going to die—look at these lines, how unsteady! hear—

"Dear cousin, you will not refuse this the last wish I may ever breathe to you. Come to me—by all our sweet endearments—by all the love we bore each other, I conjure you to come to me. The doctor says I may not live many months—my friends have told me so. If you would soothe my last hours—come to me; I cannot die in peace, unless you do."

"Poor cousin," murmured Mary, with the tears raining down her cheeks—"so gifted! beautiful and happy! must she die?"

A strange premonition took possession of Philip's soul.

"Will you go, Mary?" he asked, almost breathlessly.

"What can I do, Philip? The great, stormy ocean to be crossed—but I should not think of that. What would you have me do, Philip?"

"If—if of course the letter is—no—forgery."

"Forgery, Philip? Impossible. See her own hand-writing—compare the signatures—" and she placed an old letter before him.

"I confess there seems to be no difference—no deception."

"Deception, Philip! how strange you talk! Who would deceive? Death is a matter too serious to trifle with," cried Mary.

"I know"—Philip was almost ashamed of his suspicions—"but your grandmother regards me with so much disfavor that I distrust her very kindnesses. But I am doing wrong, my Mary, to put doubts into your mind. I only wish you were not bound by your word to Vivian Gray. I wish we were married, Mary, and could go together."

"That you know would be quite impossible, Philip, dear. And besides your book demands your whole attention. No, Philip, trust me to God—I must go; I cannot slight this request, the last she may ever make of me."

In vain the young man strove to shake off the gloom that clung to him—tried to think it was only his anticipated separation that cast shadows on the future—something whispered—"it is beyond that"—and he could not be happy. As often as he met Mary after that night till the hour of her departure, the same

inexplicable foreboding stole over him, till at last he could scarcely contemplate the leaving-taking with fortitude.

But the sad time came. Quietly, and not without tears, they bade farewell, and Mary found herself abroad on the great ocean. The voyage was pleasant. Contrary to all established notions, Mary was not sea-sick. She loved the motion of the heavy waves and called the great ship her cradle. Often on calm nights she sat on the deck, watching the world of waters lounded by the horizon, watching the flashing lights playing over the deep depths of the ocean—gathering thoughts so sweetly that had fallen upon her heart like dew on flowers—treasuring the last smile, the last pressure of the hand—and countless times did she reply to the remembered—"I know you will be true to me, darling."

At last came the looked for land in sight—and soon the ship was anchored in one of the London docks. An elegant carriage was in waiting, to which Mary was conducted by the captain. By the glimmering light she could discern a footman in livery—but so oppressed was she with her thoughts—so bewildered by the noise and novelty around her, her heart beat so wildly with the fear that Beatrice might be worse—might be even dying—that she took but little note of anything.

It seemed a long ride to her. At last the horses turned and the carriage rolled noiselessly upon what appeared to be some soft substance.

Mary was alarmed—her cousin must be dangerously ill—else why this precaution. The carriage stopped before a plain brick edifice. As she ascended the steps leading to the massive door, it was thrown wide, and a blaze of light flashed full in her face. She was startled at the sudden splendor, but observing a man in black clothes bowing before her, she exclaimed in a subdued voice—"does she live? am I in time? Take me to her directly."

The footman surveyed her with well-bred stare from head to foot, but merely said—beckoning to a woman in waiting.

"Manchester, lead the lady to the dressing-room."

"I wish to go directly to your lady," said Mary—"I am a relation—I must see her instantly if any one is allowed to speak with her."

For a moment the handsome servant stood aghast—then turned again to look at the speaker. Mary had pushed back her bonnet from her fair brow; the soft, light curls fell lavishly upon her flushed cheek; the extreme beauty of the stranger, the white hand resting on the carved balustrade, her silvery voice and lady-like manner, reassured the maid.

"If you're the lady as lady Hartley 'as bin' expectin' from Americ—she's in 'ere—though I'm certain she gave orders, and me Lord too, that none should be admitted for an hour yet."

"She will admit me," said Mary, softly—a cold fear falling on her heart.

The door swung back. A vast saloon blazoned with light, extended indefinitely by great mirrors, met her startled glance. Mary stood on the threshold. She appeared like one suddenly transformed into a statue. For just before her, in the midst of all the splendor that so dazzled and bewildered stood Beatrice. Like a queen she stood—the fire of health in her eye, her exquisite lips carnation tinted, while her cheeks, softly flushed, had not lost but rather gained in their delicate roundness. She was attired also, as Mary had never seen her before. Jewels flashed from brow, throat and arms, and into her robes of softest crimson, precious stones were wrought in minutest flowers. At every turn of her beautiful head, long rays of vivid light streamed out giving her a glory unsurpassed.

In Mary, every faculty save that of sight seemed suspended. Her eyes were fastened with an almost painful fascination upon her cousin as Beatrice turned and for the first time perceiving her, sprang towards her with a cry of delight.

"It is Mary—my sweet darling cousin. Why! my love I am delighted; it wanted only your presence to make me perfectly happy to night. Don't you know—it is my birthday party—and you have taken all this perilous voyage for my sake! you shall never regret it, darling."

But Mary stood impassive—almost fainting—supported by Beatrice who had placed an arm around her. She could scarcely rouse herself sufficiently to articulate.

"O! Beatrice—what does this mean?"

"Come, we will go to the room prepared for you," added her cousin, half leading her along from corridor to corridor, till they entered an apartment tastefully furnished. In another moment, alarmed at Mary's increasing pallor, she exclaimed—"you are ill, dear cousin."

"O! Beatrice!" cried Mary, with pitiful accents—while her lips quivered, and the tears began to fall, "Beatrice—you have deceived me."

"Now you are speaking of my letter. It was foolish, and I was needlessly frightened, I suppose. The fact is, darling, the letter was written in a moment of extreme weakness—but I assure you, dear cousin, I was sick, seriously so; it was a time when death was very near—in fact almost expected."

Mary did not look up, or she would have seen that her cousin's cheeks were painfully scarlet.

"For I have a dear little child, Mary."

This softened her cousin's heart. Beatrice averted her eyes as she glanced quickly up.

"Then—now that the danger is all over, and you are so well and happy, I may go home—immediately home."

"So willing to leave me and scarcely here an hour? I thought you loved me."

"And I do; you know I do, Beatrice; but—there are those —," she checked herself consciously.

Beatrice feigned not to notice her embarrassment. Stepping lightly to a curtain of rich crimson damask, she drew it aside by a silver cord, and there, lying on a beautiful couch, was a dress of white satin, embroidered with brilliants, and an entire set of diamonds.

"These are for you, Mary, though I had given you up for to-night, till this morning when I heard the vessel was coming up by the signals. Not a word," she added, playfully—"if you insist upon returning very soon, I insist that you shall immediately set about arming yourself in these things. I had them made expressly for you. Come—I will help you, that is, I will look on, while my little French dressing-maid makes your toilette—you will be so beautiful, dear Mary!"

She touched a silver spring—Mary felt it was useless to object. She knew her cousin's determined spirit, she was in her power, and she shuddered all over with some nameless fear.

A bright little brunette came in, and with an air of saucy independence proceeded to make Mary's toilet. With a heavy heart, and like one in a dream, Mary suffered herself to be dressed, while her cousin stood by, making suggestions and advising alterations.

At last it was finished. The diamonds were wreathed amidst her fair curls which by a few careless touches from the skillful fingers of the little French maid fell in simple elegance from her fair temples. Then, lady Hartley, leading her into the reception room presented her husband. The nobleman seemed delighted—she had always been a favorite with him—and soon she was engaged in conversation upon home-subjects.

It took Mary but a short time to lay out for her future while she remained in England, an exact plan of duty. She resolved to act with becoming dignity. Her short acquaintance with fashionable society had given her that high-bred repose of manner, essential to the position now forced upon her—and when again she entered the sumptuous ball-room, leaning upon the arm of Lord John Hartley, every eye was on the instant riveted upon her.

Who was the stranger? the beautiful modest stranger—the fresh, unfaded English girl whom no one there had ever seen before? To many, the question remained unanswered—it was only at the last whispered about that she was a young American belle—a kins woman of their lovely hostess.

As Mary moved quietly through the throng she was presented to all who sought an introduction. Among the guests she noticed one to whom her cousin was extremely attentive, and it occurred to her that he was the person Beatrice spoke of in her letters as a fitting match for her. Lord Winterton treated her with very marked attention. When he spoke to her so low, so soft with an air at once deferential and worshipful she could not but wonder why his voice was so peculiarly adapted to her ear alone, and meeting the glances of eyes, large and melancholy that seemed to be full of herself, she shuddered involuntarily. What had Beatrice done? she asked herself—hopelessly—what would be the end of all this plotting? Throughout the entire evening at intervals he sought to engross all her attention—but there was still the same delicate acidity—the same soft voice and marked manner. Sometimes she met the glance of her cousin who appeared to be anxiously regarding them and her beautiful lip was wreathed in smiles as she caught her eye.

Engrossed by the surpassing splendor of the scene, electrified by the unseen music whose soft measure seemed to float like the air around her, moving the centre of admiring notice and flattering comment, Mary forgot to think—to reflect—she was simply borne along by the wide spread wings of pleasure. At her bedside that night, she offered her simple evening prayer—but alas! her heart wandered—and it was not till she spoke the name of Philip that a thrill half of pleasure, half of pain, made her conscious of the solemn duty long and painfully she thought when at last her head touched the pillow. Why was she here? It seemed like a dream, yet so far, certainly, not an unpleasant one.

In the morning the resolve to start for home soon, returned to her. She was home-sick, already, and the past night with its gaudy illusions, seen in the clear light of the morning, seemed as a snare set for her destruction. Opening her trunk for the little casket in which she kept memoranda (a gift from Philip) her heart failed her when she saw that it was not in its accustomed place. With trembling hands she searched again and again, but without success—there was no box there. It had contained her keepsakes and her money—she was sure that it was the very last thing packed, and she most securely, for she prized it as a valued keepsake. She grew pale as she gave up the search. Like a flash of lightning came a terrible suspicion through her mind. It was agonizing—her strength failed her and she sank almost helpless upon her couch. She did not, however, allow herself to give way to utter despondency. After a fervent prayer that heaven would aid her out of her difficulty she submitted as cheerfully as she could to the jargon and attentions of the little French girl, who was sent by Beatrice to assist her. Descending to the breakfast room, she found that it was past eleven. Beatrice, quite pale, was sipping her coffee, and Lord Hartley ate silently. At a glance she saw that Beatrice, the star unrivalled in society, did not make her home hap-

py. Day after day in the weeks that succeeded, she marked the crowds of distinguished personages that filled her cousin's drawing rooms—men of letters, artists, philosophers, lions of all kinds—and some who, to her pure mind, seemed out of place in the households of honorable men.

Beatrice was an idol of the literati, but very dull by the side of her own husband, whose tastes were wholly dissimilar to her own. Even her beautiful babe, Beatrice saw but seldom—but Mary, in love with his child beauty, sat often with him—for, in that silent room with its hangings of delicate fawn, she could think of home. She had written repeatedly to Philip, and longed to return.

Beatrice joined her in the nursery one day, and to Mary's oft repeated assertion that she must take her departure, she said,

"I shall not let you go till I have given young Winterton abundant time to win and make you Lady Winterton."

Mary trembled. The hand she laid on her cousin's arm grew icy cold.

Beatrice continued,

"He loves you dearly, my darling—do you remember the time I wrote you somebody had fallen in love with your portrait?"

"Beatrice"—said Mary—"what does this mean?"

"Nothing very alarming, coz—only an extremely honorable, handsome and wealthy young man, of whom the greatest lady in the world might be proud—a nobleman by birth—with a fortune of a million—hair to some of the finest property in London, accomplished, graceful, and his own master, being an orphan, has chosen to love—may I almost say, adore my sweet cousin Mary. Now, darling, do be grateful."

"Beatrice"—cried Mary, now much agitated and very pale—"stay—in pity don't run on that way. Lord Winterton is, can be, nothing to me. I am solemnly, irrevocably, engaged."

It was as much as the trembling girl could do to return the meaning look with which Beatrice regarded her. Her full, dark eyes dilated, and a scarcely perceptible curl of the lip gave to her regal beauty a sinister expression.

"Engaged!—and I not know? Who is the gentleman, Mary? I assure you he must have every requisite of fortune, birth and beauty if he aspires to the honor of my cousin's hand."

"Your cousin, Beatrice, remember, is not like you, rich, proud and beautiful" replied the fair girl with spirit—"but only Mary, portionless and humble in all her wants—humble even in her ambition. He to whom I am engaged has merit which I value much more than wealth. In my eyes at least, he is rich, handsome, everything."

"Philip—the nephew of old Mat Crowell," exclaimed Beatrice, contemptuously.

"How do you know?"

"By your flattering description of course," said Beatrice, confused somewhat. "But Mary—you cannot mean to throw yourself away on him—you will not disgrace our ancient name by a marriage with that man. I have heard that his mother was killed and his father hung."

"It is not true," said Mary, calmly, "and even if it were it would have no effect upon my love—none whatever, I solemnly assure you."

Beatrice shrank back with horror—argued, wept, entreated—but Mary was unmoved—and her cousin grew angry. Mary was dependent, also—she had no money to take her back—she begged her cousin to furnish her with means to return. Poor child! homesick and ill-advised she sobbed as if her heart would break. Her haughty cousin at length relented so far as to promise her that if she would continue her visit to the end of the season, and thus show that she still loved her, she would aid her to return. To this poor Mary consented, for what other alternative had she? and retired to her room to write a long letter to Philip and her grandmother. Now fairly a prisoner, she determined to call up what fortitude she possessed, and all her self-reliance—to fortify herself against repeated attacks from a quarter where she dreaded them more than all her privations. She knew that her imperious cousin would use any artifice that would seem to justify her purpose—and oh! how ardently she prayed for strength to resist temptation!

As she had dreaded yet expected, Lord Winterton followed her. He seemed laid under a spell. His eyes looked love unutterable—he adored, idolized as romantic youths frequently do idolize the objects of their first affection. If she sang—and what enchantment sweeter than the voice—he was thrilled past expression. His heart beat tumultuously, his hand shook as he turned over the music-leaves; he could hardly control his countenance which was by turns flushed and pallid. Such entire consecration was as painful as it was flattering to Mary, for she felt with the true instinct of a woman that he truly loved her. And as he stood beside her with such beseeching eyes, such reverence in every look, word and motion, though she was coldly civil to him—she could not be wholly unmoved—she pitied him. And Beatrice was his untiring mediator—was he not much handsomer than Philip? Yes, in one sense, Mary conceded that he was. Was he not titled, perfectly unexceptionable in character—with thousands to lavish upon her? Would she not be mistress of a fine house and servants, of a splendid establishment—and titled beside—Lady Mary Winterton—and a husband who would worship her?

Poor Mary! she was placed in a strangely trying position—dazzled on one hand by splendor, beauty and wealth; thrown on the other into society she could not avoid, and where her sympathies were strongly enlisted, though her

heart was unmoved. Great need had she often to pray that simple prayer of her childhood—"our Father."

One night when the storm raging without prevented company—Mary stood alone in the little blue room adjoining the parlor. She was dressed simply in white—Beatrice had placed a rose in her curls. Her heart ached—she was thinking of home. Philip had not written—her grandmother's letter was guarded and did not mention the name of her betrothed, and she had lately grown strangely suspicious. She moved toward an inlaid stand, and noticing a rare copy of a cupid, fixed her eyes intently upon it and sighed deeply. Hearing her sigh echoed, she was startled at sight of Lord Winterton—the little image brushed by her lace-sleeve fell to the floor, and was broken in fragments.

"A bad omen," murmured the young man. Mary blushed as she replied,

"A bad omen for me. My cousin valued this little image very highly; I am sorry I have been so unfortunate as to break it."

"Say no more about it," he replied. "The mate to that is in my uncle's cabinet—it shall be replaced to-morrow."

Mary thanked him—and for some moments there was a painful silence. Lord Winterton stood very near her, and it might be imagination but she fancied she heard the beating of his heart.

"Will you sing for me?" at last he asked. Mary, glad to escape, made a motion to go towards the harp, but, ere she passed him, the young man seized her hand respectfully, yet passionately, imploring her to listen to him but for a moment. She gave him one glance and was terrified at the appearance of his handsome face. It seemed as if fear and agony were blended—the cheeks were white—the whole expression more that of a criminal who had no hope of mercy, than a lover. He led her to a seat, and in faltering words told the story of his love. He was eloquent though it was the eloquence of look and manner more than of language.

Again with her whole soul she pitied him—dreaded to dash the cup, he held so fondly to his lips, to the ground.

"Don't tell me there is no hope," he exclaimed—as she was about to speak—"I cannot bear it—I cannot. Neither can I help it that I love you so. Let me tell it in simple language, the language my heart dictates. When I saw the miniature that lady Beatrice had in her possession, from that moment I longed to see you. Among all the crowds of beautiful women, I had met none that pleased me, but at that first sight an indescribable feeling took hold upon my heart and I know it was love. Mary (forgive me for calling you Mary) unutterable emotions possess my heart whenever I think of you—your sweet image is shrined in the holiest niche of my memory. To me you seem something angelic—radiant with a divine light—oh! why do I say all this? I cannot tell, Mary—you must see how my very existence is bound up in your answer, life or death."

Mary shrank from him startled.

"How," he cried, "would life be worth preserving if you do not love me—without you—my heart will not let me live—my heart, itself, will break."

Mourning was the voice. Tears sprang to her eyes—she did not restrain them, but averted her face, while they fell silently over her cheeks.

"You turn from me—it would not be so were there hope. You do not answer me—it is best. I could not bear your lips to pronounce that you do not love me—if it is indeed so—keep that silence—do not speak."

She felt his hand tremble. Her very soul seemed to dissolve in pity—it was well that the manly form, the noble face of her betrothed were before her then—woman forgets sometimes where she pities much.

He arose from his seat.

"Forgive me," he said, in an altered voice, and held forth his hand. "To-morrow I shall leave England," he added, with a forced laugh, "but I shall find no home, no rest anywhere."

Beatrice learned all through her husband, and Mary felt the full force of her displeasure. Lord Hartley, also, seemed cold towards her, and the young girl, sad and dispirited, longed more than ever for home.

Winterton's guardian returned yesterday," said Lord Hartley, at the dinner-table, "he has been absent five years."

"The Marquis Annesley, is it not?" enquired Beatrice.

"The same—Fred. Annesley, an old chum of mine, and a sociable fellow."

"Annesley"—murmured Mary, with her lips growing white—"that name is in my mother's letters—Frederick, too."

Beatrice and her husband exchanged a rapid glance.

Yes, the name was reiterated often on faded yellow paper—the name her grandmother hated—a name that she had revered, because through some mysterious sympathy she knew her mother loved it. Its associations were all sealed to her—whose it was—why it occurred so often in those pale letters—though many and many a throb of fear, of repugnance, of shadowed shame made her pulses quiver as she pondered upon its significance, and what might have been.

(To be continued.)

A Western editor lately called his "devil" to him, and told him he could not afford to hire his services any longer, unless he would agree to take ninepence per week, or share equally the profits of the paper. The boy concluded to stay, and unhesitatingly chose the ninepence for his wages.











